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John F. C. B.  
My Lord.

at Poem.

Marcus Blokley Almond Esq. M.

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PROF. MARCUS BLAKEY ALLMOND.

FAIRFAX,

MY LORD;

A NARRATIVE POEM.

BY

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## PREFACE.

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A few years ago I published "Estelle." The first edition soon went and the second edition of one thousand copies is about exhausted. But recently, from California, Iowa, Texas, Kentucky and Virginia came a call for it the same week. It is useless, therefore, to say there are not some to whom these rhymes, that come to me as songs to birds, are not pleasurable. Of one thing I feel sure—they can not bring harm to a human soul, and, if I may trust the letters I have received, they have carried a bit of freshness and comfort to many smitten by the hand of sorrow, and they have drawn closer together young hearts in a holy gladness that comes but once in a life-time and is worth the loving endeavor of the grandest hero who has ever looked into the grim cannon's murderous mouth for his country's welfare. If it be true that he who causes two blades of grass to grow where formerly there was but one is a patriot, can it be less true that he is a patriot who heightens the mutual esteem of two tender young hearts, sheds sunshine and gladness into them and makes them even for one brief moment dream that the world is indeed beautiful and life is indeed worth living? All too soon many clouds will darken the landscape for them. While still they may enjoy the golden glories of the dawn-lit lands "in the morning time" (to quote my little boy) of life, why shall

*PREFACE.*

not I do my best to help them in honest and honorable, if simple, wise. This at least is my chief thought and on it I rest my case. For, pardon me, if I admit that, owing to the chilling, commercial atmosphere in which we live, I feel that I have a case to plead, when I commit the rashness of a rhyme for the sake of good fellowship merely and with no distinct and ultimate purpose of pecuniary or political preferment. The Prince of this world reckons our station by what we have, not what we are; by what we get, not what we give, and we may not expect his smile nor receive the unction of his benediction; but there are subtle and abiding pleasures that many a humble heart has that the Prince of this world knows not nor can ever know, gives not nor can ever give, takes not away nor can ever take. These in the secret silences of my life I enjoy and out of them I look with serenity upon the busy, battling crowds that surge about me—many of them the votaries of the Prince who applauds the winner, win he never so ignobly, and ignores the vanquished, be his cause as grand as that of Leonidas and his heart as pure as the very lily's. Expecting therefore nothing from the exchequers of the mart, conscious of the purity of my purposes and my life, asking nothing but that my friends be my good friends still, and resolved as much as in me lies to be at peace with all the world,                   I am, in God's hands,

THE AUTHOR.

THE UNIVERSITY SCHOOL,  
104 East Jacob Street,  
LOUISVILLE, KY., November 24th, 1892.

TO ONE AND ALL.

---

*Again, amid the gliding years,  
I lay aside restricting fears,  
And venture now once more to give  
The world the life I daily live.  
These thoughts I set to jingling rhyme  
Are with me running all the time.  
I can not down them if I would ;  
I would not down them if I could.  
They keep me on the hillsides green  
Or in the valleys down between ;  
They keep me 'mid the waving trees,  
The songs of birds and 'buzz of bees ;  
They keep me where the flowers bloom :  
They sometimes lead me into gloom ;  
They lead me by the purling streams ;  
They lap me in Celestial dreams ;  
They fill my heart with boundless love,  
And lift my soul in prayer above.  
Good friends, who know and love me, you  
Have always been and still are true.  
I greet you with a loving smile,  
A good warm heart all free from guile.  
My head goes often wrong I know :  
I would to God it were not so.  
My heart is right (you know) and would  
Delight in always doing good.*

TO ONE AND ALL.

*Despite all this, there will arise  
Some things we must antagonize.  
Some persons there will ever be  
Who with us all will disagree,  
And take amiss our best meant acts  
Nor wait for figures or for facts.  
We can but do our best and trust  
God and the future will be just.  
We can but keep our hearts aglow  
With love and hope and tender flow  
Of kindly feeling and restrain  
Our hands from heaping murd'rous gain,—  
Then, if there be, as be there will,  
Those who'll not like our life-work still,  
And spread their dislike with the tongue ;  
Still be our loving heart-songs sung.  
Unconscious of intended wrong,  
We move serenely life along  
With heart aglow with holy love  
Caught from Celestial spheres above,  
With hands extended still to do  
Some kindly act, O friends, for you,  
And eager to repay with good  
A foeman, if misunderstood  
We come beneath his anger dire  
And face his well-delivered fire.  
With hate toward none and love aglow  
Here's to you, friend. Here's to you, foe.  
May God, who rules with wisdom true,  
Bless you and me. All hail—Adieu.*

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## THE CHASE.

---

Up the long length of "Gillet's Spur"  
The tired stag at noon-day went,  
And full twain dozen dogs, at least,  
The forest echoes tore and rent.  
He crossed the mountain's crown and sped  
On down the path that led below  
To where the circling valley spread  
A wealth of summer's golden glow.  
A thousand trees with life and leaf  
Were glad with hope and royal glee,  
Along the trail the frightened stag  
Now chose his panting way to flee.

*THE CHASE.*

A thousand flowers bloomed and breathed  
Upon their beds of moss and loam;  
A thousand birds with throats made glad  
The precincts of their forest home.  
Still on and on the young stag ran  
Through winding woods, by forest streams,  
While from the mountain top there rose  
The dogs' shrill yelps and huntsmen's screams.  
Young Fairfax led the dashing crowd  
And Jules McMurdo followed near;  
Sim Waldron next now bends him o'er  
And whispers in his horse's ear.  
With whip and steel the riders rash  
Leap over rocks and rails and all,  
And answer with a loud huzza  
The rushing hounds' far distant call,  
Or wind a horn whose echoes shrill  
Adown the mountain's side now sped,  
And reached the fleeing stag and filled  
His heart with yet a deeper dread.

*THE CHASE.*

The farm-house, white and large and strong,  
Embowered 'mid the shrubbery lay,  
While oak and beech and hickory vied  
To keep the summer's sun away.

The mill-creek ran adown the vale  
And kissed the meadow-lands and sent  
Its dewy breath along the hills  
Where corn-rows ran and swayed and bent;

And now far down the way it met  
‘The Pond’ and widened out and grew  
To be a pretty lake whose waves  
Were, like the skies above them, blue.

The stag came onward at a pace  
That spoke his dread nor stopped nor stayed  
Until he reached the farm-house where  
He sought the women, sore afraid.

Jean reached her lily arm and placed  
It 'round his neck in fond caress;  
He eyed her with a look that said,  
“She'll rescue me in my distress.”

*THE CHASE.*

Full many an hour had Jean and he  
Together roamed the woodlands o'er,  
Full many a time upon the heights  
Stopped at some neighbor's open door;  
Full many a time he'd circled 'round  
The pathway they had often gone;  
But ne'er before had his good ear  
Caught dogs' deep cry or huntsman's horn.  
"Be still my pretty deer," she said,  
"They shall not harm a single hair;  
Your mistress loves you and will show  
These saucy huntsmen what you are."  
The light shown in her deep brown eyes,  
Her chestnut locks were rich and neat,  
Her cheeks were rosy, and her skin,  
A luscious hue, was soft and sweet.  
She smiled and opened lips that were  
As cherries in the May-time seem.  
Her pearly teeth were finer far  
Than poet ever yet could dream.

*THE CHASE.*

She laughed and rippling music fell  
In merry waves upon the ear.

She laughed, and when she did, she grew  
To all who heard her still more dear.

Cordelia by her side now stood—  
Anon she turned about and laid  
Her hand upon the frightened deer—  
A pretty, blue-eyed city maid.

The dogs were coming down the side  
Of long \*“No Business,” and their cry  
Drew near and nearer to the house  
With threats that meant to kill or die.

Cordele and Jean feared for their pet,  
And led it up the steps in rear,  
Along the porch-way to the hall,  
Along the hall-way, and, in fear,  
Up the long stair-way to the porch  
That crowned the front-view safe and high

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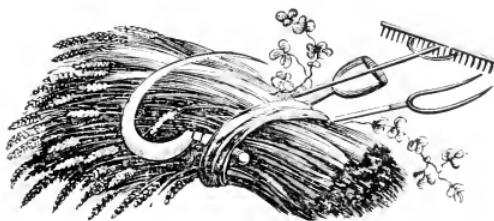
\* A Mountain in Virginia.

*THE CHASE.*

And looked o'er lowlands far and near  
    And reaches of sweet azure sky.  
The porch door closed, they stood and saw  
    The hounds now rush across the vale,  
And huntsmen dashing down the way  
    Swift and yet swifter on the trail.  
Cordele knelt down and put her arms  
    About the deer's neck; Jean stood still  
And watched the coming cavalcade,  
    Prepared to meet them with stout will.  
Her eyes flashed fire and lips were full  
    Of ill-repressed emotion then;  
She well could meet, and meeting, rout  
    An even score or more of men.  
The dogs came on and circled round  
    The house and rested right below,  
And sent their cries that rose and seemed  
    As bent to bring the poor thing woe.  
The huntsmen came at break-neck speed,  
    And checked their horses, looked above

*THE CHASE.*

And saw the quarry they pursued  
Safe in the arms of tender love.  
With lifted hats they craved them grace  
And got it right upon the spot;  
The farmer bade them light and tie  
Their reeking horses piping hot.  
Sim tipped a wink or two to Jules,  
But Fairfax cool ignored their sin,  
And stately as a lord of old  
He led his retinue within.







## ON THE LAKE.

---

THE summer is a leal, good  
time

For those who have no anxious thought,  
Who catch the sunshine in their hearts  
And hold it there when once 'tis caught,  
Who meet and greet and smile and go  
And come again and bid adieu  
With kindly feeling for the old  
And goodly welcome to the new,  
Who ne'er grow old in life or heart,  
Come day or night, come weal or woe,  
But take in good part all that comes  
And thank their stars that it is so.  
Our huntsmen were a jolly set,  
And royally they took their glee—

*ON THE LAKE.*

To chase a stag upon the height

Or woo a maiden on the lea.

The horses sought the meadows green,

The masters sought the table long,

The dimpled maidens sat between,

And all went merry as a song.

Cordele was soft and winning sweet,

And Jean was stately in her grace,

And wit and humor, persiflage

And sense found each its proper place.

The meal discussed, they then withdrew

To where the spacious parlors were,

And music lent its subtle charm

To while away the time with cheer.

“Cordele, Cordele,” the cry went up,

“Cordele, a song?” The blue-eyed maid

Then touched the keys and thus she sang

The while her fingers nimbly played.

*ON THE LAKE.*

**Song.**

A stag came over the mountains, O!

A stag came over the mountains, O!

A stag came over the mountains, O!

And the dogs came following after.

Three knights came over the mountains, O!

Three knights came over the mountains, O!

Three knights came over the mountains, O!

I “carn’t” sing now for laughter,

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,

I “carn’t” sing now for laughter.

When wolves are out and abroad, my dear,

When wolves are out and abroad, my dear,

When wolves are out and abroad, my dear,

The lambs may look for danger.

I’ve something to tell, you had better hear,

I’ve something to tell, you had better hear,

I’ve something to tell, you had better hear,

Beware, beware the stranger,

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,

You had better beware the stranger.

*ON THE LAKE.*

Jules rose in well-feigned wrath and swore  
    She wronged their knightly valor, and  
He gave his arm and led away  
    The little beauty from the stand.  
They passed along the gravel walk  
    On toward the lake's inviting brim,  
And Jean and Fairfax followed suit—  
    A maiden aunt attended Sim.  
The sun was sinking in the west  
    On downy beds of varied hues,  
The length'ning shadows threw their arms  
    Around the three embarking crews.  
Cordele and Jules sped on ahead,  
    Fairfax and Jean kept to the right,  
Sim and the aunt—somewhat demure—  
    Slow followed on, but still in sight.  
Cordele was in her merry mood,  
    And laughed and sang and talked and ran  
Her hand along the water's top  
    And dared whate'er a maiden can.

*ON THE LAKE.*

‘I’m weary of the good and grand,  
I’m weary of the city’s glare,  
I would I were a bird and might  
    Be free to skim the realms of air;  
I’d like to do whate’er I choose,  
I’d like to go where e’er I please,  
I’d like to say just what comes up  
    And take the world in perfect ease.  
A woman—aye! a woman, O!  
    They’ve got me fastened up in stays,  
They’ve got my feet encircled ’round  
    With skirts that clog my path always.  
O blasted bonds—a knife, a knife  
    To cut them and to make me free.  
My life, my all I offer—take—  
    For one sweet breath of liberty.  
I care not for the dread ‘*on dit*’  
    That rules the world and makes it sin  
To step beyond the beaten path  
    And view the mysteries within.

ON THE LAKE

Here's to thee, Mater Libertas!

I raise thy standard and huzzah!  
Peace to him who now sues for peace,

For him who sues for war, here's war.  
Carrie is free. She flies adieu

To all restrictions of time or tide;  
Come, speed the vessel straight ahead.

And while we ride why, let us ride!"  
Jules answered with a merry laugh

And wicked twinkle in his eye:  
Fair sister of the Eastern land

I welcome your philosophy.  
Life is too short for serious things;

The shadows lie along the ground,  
The sunlight comes not every day.—

Let's take it while it may be found.  
*Domini cunctius, cunctius!* then

The motto of our mutual flight  
We twine the gilded light of day

Around the gloomy form of night.

*ON THE LAKE.*

Speed, vessel, o'er the waters blue,

Speed, vessel, and our song shall be  
Henceforth, 'Hurrah for love and light,

Hurrah for love and liberty.'"

\* \* \* \*

Fairfax and Jean were soberer folks:

They talked of many noble things,  
Of God and man and nature sweet,  
And all life's wondrous happenings.  
He loved a jest, enjoyed a laugh,

And chased a deer or winged a bird.  
But still he loved the true and good,  
And most of all, God's Blesséd Word.

Whose heart is true can laugh as well  
As he whose heart is steeped in guile:  
Whose lips are pure can be as glad  
As he whose words are reeking vile.

There is no clash between a song  
That gleams with merriment and glee

*ON THE LAKE.*

And that Sweet One who lived and died  
    To bless the bleeding world and me.  
The noble name that Fairfax wore  
    Was passport to the country wide;  
His presence at a farmer's door  
    Made Jolly Welcome strut with pride.  
This made the house he had drawn near  
    So warm and cheery at his sight;  
This gave to Jean the confidence  
    To row abroad with coming night;  
She felt that at the oar-locks sat  
    A man whose soul was Honor's own,  
Who ruled a realm far wider than  
    A jeweled monarch on his throne—  
Himself, a vast intelligence,  
    Wide fields of thoughts and lands of dream,  
The inner realms of consciousness;  
    The hidden heavens which rounding gleam  
With worlds on worlds within them set  
    And beauties of unreckoned worth

*ON THE LAKE.*

That make a home of endless bliss  
Out of the humblest heart on earth.  
Some natures are so nobly made  
We trust them with a perfect trust;  
Some forms so grandly fashioned are  
We can't believe them made of dust.  
They come at intervals as comes  
The bloom upon the century tree,—  
Are Philip Sidney in one age  
And in another Robert Lee.  
The seeds of their lives scattered through  
All the interstices of Time  
Will flower and fruit in every age,  
On every shore, in deeds sublime.  
Fairfax was one whom men revered,  
And women worshipped as a god;  
A leader born, he seemed to own  
Each inch of ground on which he trod.  
A subtle consciousness of worth  
Clothed all he did and all he said;

*ON THE LAKE.*

He feared no living man, and yet  
    Oft bowed before a pretty maid.  
He saw in woman's beauty glow  
    The richest colors of the Hand  
Whose skill artistic paints the world  
    And makes the humblest floweret grand.  
Her presence was a hidden song  
    That thrilled him with a rich delight;  
A breezy freshness clothed his form,  
    His face put on a newer light.  
When on his ear her accents fell,  
    And on his sight there beamed her eye,  
For her he'd bare his arm and fight;  
    For her he'd win the day or die.  
Hail heroes of the elder time!  
    Hail knights that Arthur led of old!  
Sir Galahad were worth to-day  
    A thousand knights whose god is gold.  
Fairfax now wound his horn, and lo!  
    The three boats came from quarters wide,

*ON THE LAKE.*

And turned their prows the homeward way,  
Slow moving onward side by side.  
Cordele, the blue-eyed, raised the song,  
And all joined in with merry glee;  
The moon shone bright and sweet above,  
And touched them with her witchery.







## THE DEPARTURE.

---

THE morrow on the hill-tops  
stood  
And sun-light shone upon her  
face,

The while her pretty smile would woo  
The huntsmen to another chase.

They gave their squires the word to bring  
Their champing steeds from stables near,  
And, taking up their horns, they wound  
Their notes across the lowlands clear.

The answering cry of hounds arose  
As eager for the coming fray;  
Cordele broke into song and held  
Her pretty cup in tempting way:

*THE DEPARTURE.*

**A Stirrup Cup.**

“Are you ready for the chase, my lads,  
    Across the circling plain?  
Are you ready for the chase, my lads?  
    Here’s to you once again.  
Lift the bugle, loose the leashes,  
    Let your steeds now shake their mane,  
But before you ply the spurs, my lads,  
    Here’s to you once again.

Are you ready for the chase, my lads,  
    Upon the distant steep?  
Are you ready for the chase, my lads?  
    Here’s to you long and deep.  
May the maidens that await you  
    Have no reason e’er to weep;  
But before you ply the spurs, my lads,  
    Here’s to you long and deep.

Are you ready for the chase, my lads,  
    Across the rivers wide?  
Are you ready for the chase, my lads?  
    Here’s health, what e’er betide.  
Lift the bugle, loose the leashes,  
    And your noble steeds bestride;  
But before you ply your spurs, my lads,  
    Here’s health, whate’er betide.”

*THE DEPARTURE.*

The huntsmen cheered with lifted hats  
And promised they would come again,—  
Sank rowels in their gallant steeds  
And sped across the pretty plain.

The dogs were gone; their bayings deep  
Were heard upon the mountain's side  
Up which our heroes clambered now  
With something of a martial pride.

The deeds of doughty prowess done  
Upon the eve of yesterday,  
Within their hearts in fondest thought  
Are stored forever now away;

And, though they westward ride them now  
With manhood pulsing in each vein,  
Jules dreams of Cordele's merry mood  
And Fairfax walks with Jean again.

They reached their homes and went their ways.  
The daily sun-rise came and went.  
Days waxed to weeks, weeks waxed to months,  
And seasons with the seasons blent.

*THE DEPARTURE.*

Who once have met may, if they wish,  
And naught prevent yet meet again,  
Though mountains rise and surly threat  
The pretty poutings of the plain.





## CREDE LYLE.

---

**A** SINEWY form, an eagle eye,  
A step elastic, and an arm  
Of iron mould,—such was Crede  
Lyle—

The owner of the neighboring farm.  
An alien to these parts, he knew  
The skill to make the harvest gleam  
With glorious plenty and the grass  
In velvet splendor clothe the stream.  
As now he moved beneath the trees  
And caught the wild flower from its stalk,  
The boughs bent low and pricked their ears  
To listen to his fitful talk:

“Her form is as a sculptor’s dream,  
Her eye is magic’s self and leads  
Me as a captive and my heart  
For closer fellowship still pleads.  
I know not what this force may be  
That lies within the inmost soul  
And will not down, but reaches forth  
And holds the whole man in control.  
I’ve simply met her as a friend  
Should meet a neighbor, yet I know  
She’s set my flood of feelings all  
Now toward her with impulsive flow.  
A silent moon whose silver beam  
Falls o’er my being’s rock-ribbed shore,  
She lashes or allays its waves—  
Its mistress now and evermore.”  
An acorn from the tree now dropped;  
He turned his head; not far away  
Upon a clump of moss-grown rocks  
A pretty deer was now at play,

*CREDE LYLE.*

Upon its neck great ribbons blue,—

And ho! who's that who's just in sight—  
A ray of sunlight hidden there

Within this almost sylvan night?

He kept the path that brought him near  
And tipped his hat to lovely Jean,

Who smiled and wove the wild red-rose  
And cypress with the eglantine.

“I like this land,” now Lyle began,

“For nature here is lavish, and  
Her bounties smiling group and bless  
The waiting eye on every hand.

I wandered many a good league forth  
To find a spot would charm my stay

Until I chanced on this, I love,—

I hope—upon a lucky day.

The generous soil responds with glee

To kindly treatment and my bins  
O'erflow each year and life is passed

Far from the great world's greater sins.”

A cloud o'erspread his brow just then.

His words provoked a sleeping thought;  
To turn it off, he asked of Jean

“What pretty thing was that she wrought?”  
“Oh! just a nosegay,” she replied,

“Of wild flowers that I thought I'd make  
For Tillie Dare, the invalid,

Who lives down yonder by the lake.  
And wont you help me just a bit?

Be neighborly and get me now  
That honey-suckle standing there,

Those pretty leaves from off that bough.”  
Lyle answered now her every wish,

And heaped the rock she sat upon  
With all the gifts the forest has

Until her kindly work was done.  
Then on they moved and came at length

To where the mill-creek turned the wheel,  
And Tillie Dare lay pale and weak,

Where sun-rays through the shadows steal

*CREDE LYLE.*

And try to cheer her lingering days  
That need but little here below  
Save human sympathy and love  
To lighten with their tender glow.  
Poor Tillie knew her days were few,  
Yet repined not, but in good part  
Bore her sad lot and gave to Jean  
Warm thanks from out a grateful heart.  
"How good you are to come and see  
My flick'ring life hang quiv'ring here!  
The smile you bring and kindly word  
Fill me always with sunnier cheer.  
Our lives are as the days that go,  
Or bright with sun or dark with cloud.  
They bring to men or weal or woe,  
And bless or blight the circling crowd.  
Blest is the life that's hid with God,  
Whose pathway is a ray of light  
To heal the stroke of Time's rough rod  
And make the gloomy world's heart bright.

*CREDE LYLE.*

To him who living lifts his race  
    To see and know the sweeter ways  
Of his good Master, death is grace  
    And plentitude of endless praise.  
The wide circumference of soul  
    That circles through the lives of men  
To bless with fellowship the whole  
    Finds death but life begun again.  
God rules—the Maker of all things,  
    He crowns the toiler with His rest—  
A blessed life in death still brings  
    The blessing of all blessings best.  
How envied then you, needs, should be  
    By all whose lives your sweet life touch,  
Not for the wealth that smiles around,  
    But that your hand has done so much!  
I soon must go, but from the skies  
    I send my prayer that God may bless  
The gentle heart whose gentle hand  
    Relieves the stricken in distress."

Jean blushed and kissed the pallid brow;

Lyle looked at Jean and thought, "I own  
This is the queenliest woman that  
Was ever on or off a throne."

With kindly parting words they went

Along the lake's o'ershadowed brim;  
The pretty deer ran at their side,

Or plunged into the lake to swim.

Lyle wished he had the will to say

All his heart felt, but 't was in vain;  
So he resolved he'd put it off,

Until by chance they met again.

They talked as people who have read

And travelled much are wont to talk,  
And found when they had reached her home  
They each had had a pleasant walk.

The shades of eve were coming on,

When Credo bade adieu and went  
His homeward way with busy thoughts  
And head unconscious downward bent.

What thoughts he thought—what memories  
    woke—

I can not tell, I only know  
His brow was pursed, his hand was clenched,

    He struggled with some hidden woe.

He muttered to himself strange words  
    Of “fate” and “wrong” and “who could  
        tell?”

When on his ear a cheery song,  
    Yet tinged with sorrow, sudden fell.  
He looked and there the cottage home  
    Of Embry Duncan lay before,  
And “Luce,” his daughter, swung the churn  
    And sang just out the vine-clad door :

**The Swinging-Churn Song.**

“Dapple Daisy down the meadow lowing coming back,  
And the calf within the cowpen runs the beaten track.  
Each is happy with the thinking of the meeting near,  
But I sit and wait still wishing for thy coming, dear.

Churn, go forward,  
Churn, go backward,  
While my song must be :  
    Come, butter, come,  
    Come, butter, come,  
    And come, my love, to me.

Birds are singing gaily upon bush and tree ;  
Each as happy with its mate as a bird can be.  
If they part a moment, they soon meet again ;  
But thy lingering, loved one, gives me endless pain.

Churn, go forward,  
Churn, go backward,  
While my song must be :  
    Come, butter, come,  
    Come, butter, come,  
    And come, my love, to me.”

He shook his head as on he passed.

“Sweet child,” he thought, “you do not  
know

Nor ever will, I hope, the depths—

The deepest depths of hidden woe.  
The bloom is on your pretty cheek.

Be patient and he’ll soon be here.  
The butter comes and so comes he  
To give you joy and share your cheer.

Who sighs for wider sweep of life  
But sighs for wider chance of wrong.

May all the ‘endless pain’ you have  
Flow forth, my pretty maid, in song,  
And, while it sweetens your pent heart,

Make glad the wings of neighboring air,  
And bless alike the maker and

The object of your gentle prayer.  
For me, ah! well”—he crossed the creek,

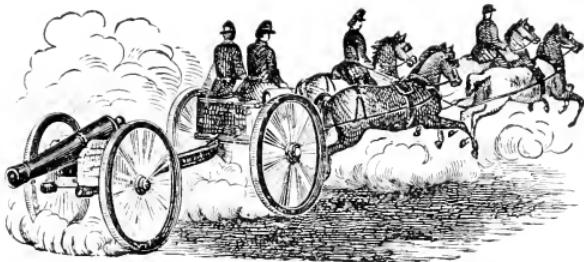
Passed through the gate and stood  
before

*CREDE LYLE.*

His home, reached out and turned the knob  
Passed in and locked the heavy door.







## TO ARMS.

---

STERN war arose. The rolling drum  
And shrill voiced fife were calling men  
To arms! to arms! and tramping feet  
Throughout the land were heard again.  
Fairfax rode o'er his acres wide,  
And viewed them in their laughing wealth.  
His workmen met him with a smile,  
Rejoicing in their homes and health.  
He sighed to think of what he'd read  
Of war and its destructive hand,

And wondered when the Master's come  
Will bring sweet peace to every land.  
He loved his country and her rights —  
His mother State far best of all.  
And there resolved he立誓 to sweep  
Save at her most emphatic call  
Brother, alas too soon to name —  
The tide of battle sweeping by  
He saw his State's dread repartie  
And heard her to her children call  
Along the wales upon the hills  
The awakened farmers gathered then  
And looked about them for a man —  
The leader of his fellow-men  
All voices cried out — Fardon Fardon —  
All eyes now sought him from afar  
Lies — Sam and hundred more now name  
To have him lead them forth to war  
He donned his uniform and stood  
And mounted on his famous steed

*TO ARMS.*

With will to meet the stoutest foe  
And heart to pity those who'd bleed.  
Still more and more the throng increased  
Till all the old "militia ground"  
Was filled with farmers, workmen, all  
Who lived for miles and miles around.  
The drilling squadrons moved by day:  
The camp-fires glowed at fall of night:  
The hearts of men seemed bent upon  
One thought alone "to fight, to fight."  
Fairfax moved here and there and made  
Arrangements for th' unlettered crowd.  
While in his sacred heart he bore  
A silent prayer, their talk was loud.  
They clamored for the coming fight  
And revelled in the thought of gore:  
He prayed within his heart for peace—  
For peace and brotherhood once more.  
For war is war, terrific and  
The hand of passion running mad.

*TO ARMS.*

The woe of woman and the worst  
    Of foes a child has ever had.  
The savings of unnumbered years,  
    The guidings of a father's hand,  
The generous promptings of the heart  
    When peace and plenty fill the land;  
These in wild flames are swept away,  
    And on the coming youth is thrown  
The harvest of unnumbered woes,  
    Thick through the coming morrows sown.  
This Fairfax knew and on his brow  
    Care stamped her wrinkle, and his heart  
Was heavy with the woes he knew  
    Were War's own bitter, bounden part.  
Alone upon his matchless steed  
    Across the hill, across the plain,  
And o'er the mountains was he come  
    To sweet "Glen-Mary" once again.  
Jean met him with a smile of peace,  
    A hand that good, warm welcome gave;

*TO ARMS.*

But sorrowed at his serious brow  
And martial manner stern and grave.  
At hour fitting forth they went,  
Beneath the overhanging trees,  
In quiet chat of events which  
Would soon be winged across the seas.





## CORDELE.

---



2 HE smoke was hanging thick  
and grim  
Above the city's throbbing  
heart,  
Where pulsed the blood of traffic and  
Where pined in poverty High Art.  
The greedy herd moved on and bowed  
With one accord to Mammon's sway,—  
With vice they thrilled the heart of night,  
With painted virtue cheated day.  
A pretty mansion rising high  
Upon a noted thoroughfare—  
A cosy chamber—windows wide—  
And Cordele reading sitting there:—

*CORDELE.*

This is the picture, and we hear  
The words she reads—this blue-eyed  
belle—

“I come, Cordele, the war is on;  
I come, my love, to bid farewell.”

“He comes—dear Jules! He comes, and I  
Shall scatter roses in his way.

My father’s wealth shall gild the night  
And frame in joy the fleeting day.

He’s made it and I know not how.  
He gives it time he ne’er gave me.

I’ll spend it as I get a chance  
In many a jolly jamboree.

Come, Jules, soul of my soul, and we,  
My naughty soldier-boy, shall sound  
The depth of every jollity,  
That in this city may be found.

So that I drink the bumper full  
The present moment gives, I care

*CORDELE.*

No whit for all the after moons  
That wax and wane, however fair.  
The heart that built this mansion grand  
Knows nothing of those softer things  
(The goody good will prate of them)  
About which every poet sings.  
He laughs to scorn these Christian thoughts,  
And I but echo in my heart  
The thoughts that days and months and  
years  
Have been of him the larger part.  
Here's to thee, sweet Utility,  
His end and aim the dollar is,  
Mine is my pleasure and I find  
That mine is mine, since his is his.  
Servant, ahoy! bring up the cup  
Thy master drinks his wine from, I  
Will see if I can quench my thirst  
As he does often when he's dry.

*CORDELE.*

Bring me a 'Ouida.' Let me read  
    Of gilded sin as virtue rare.  
If callers ring, tell them, I pray,  
    I've gone a driving—anywhere.  
So that I get my ease, I care  
    But little for this social whir  
That money buys. Sweet Voluptas,  
    I am your loving worshipper.  
Come, Jules, and join me and we'll find  
    Two hearts that beat for aye as one;  
Here's to thee, con amore, mine—  
    A bumper, once, twice, thrice, I've done."



## REVENGE.

---



OREDE LYLE was reared upon  
the lap  
Of Luxury, and his life had  
lain

Amid a stormy war of words  
Wrought by the miser-heart of Gain.

Nor had the conflict stopped with words,  
But Passion stirred the pistol's flame;—  
A human life was offered up  
To satisfy fell Anger's claim.

His mother was a vengeful soul  
Who ne'er forgave a conceived harm,  
But nursed her wrath against the day  
She could assuage it with her arm.

*REVENGE.*

Hamilcar-like she led her charge—

A dimpled boy—and made him swear  
Eternal vengeance on each head

Her caprice chose just anywhere.

Enough she had to squander far

In idle chance and yet her greed  
Still clamored more and more for more  
Than any human soul could need.

An honored name was linked in trade  
With her dead husband's, and she  
dreamed

A wrong was wrought her, and her eye  
At mention of that good name gleamed.  
The wordy war had lingered on

In suit with suit in common law,  
Till Justice cast it out at length,  
And stirred her with its solemn awe.

She took redress unto herself

And, leading by his hand her boy,

*REVENGE.*

She made him fire the fatal shot  
That slew a household's tender joy—  
The gentlest of his race and best—  
The eldest of the Fairfax name,  
Whose fancied wrong she'd laid away  
And nurtured as a holy flame.  
The hand of Law had siezed and placed  
Her frenzied soul in "durance vile;"  
For life, the nation's guardians thought  
It best to house her witless guile.  
For safety's sake Crede went elsewhere;  
But she had nursed his wrath to flame  
And urged and urged him ne'er to leave,  
On her cursed soul, one of that name.  
One day he heard Jean mention—what?  
The Fairfax name and speak its praise.  
His heart leaped high and passion stirred  
As it had stirred in other days.  
She told him of the coming war—  
The tramp of men and loud alarms—

The flocking of the freemen all  
In answer to the call to arms.  
And, when he learned that Fairfax led  
The embattled hosts, his spirit stirred  
To lead his foes and meet him yet,—  
But still he spoke no bitter word.  
Henceforth in vale and mountain dell  
He sought for comrades for his flag,  
And trained them to the use of arms  
On lowland leas and upland crag.  
For one fell purpose they were called—  
A holy one to him he dreamed;—  
To slay a wrecker of his home,  
Each drawn and sharpened sword now  
gleamed.  
He tutored them in sweet revenge,  
And told them of his mother's wrongs.  
They mixed their anger in their cups  
And sang it in their battle songs.



## IN PERIL'S GRASP.



WHEN Fairfax now at  
that calm hour  
Forth 'neath the trees  
walked arm in arm  
With pretty Jean, he never dreamt  
An eye was near that meant him harm.  
Crede Lyle, as fate would have it, walked  
In meditative mood along,  
And every thought was teeming now  
With something of his fancied wrong,  
When suddenly he saw quite near  
Two forms majestic moving on;  
He stepped from off the path and stood  
Behind the heavy scented thorn.

Too deep their thoughts imbedded were  
In events fraught with thousands' fate  
To scan the pretty landscape for  
The nurser of a hidden hate.

Lyle's eye was gleaming and his heart  
Was beating as 't would burst in twain.  
His passion ebbed and flowed and ebbed  
And flowed and ebbed and flowed again.

He took his pistol—cocked it—raised  
His hand and took deliberate aim;  
Jean moving on and talking soft  
Unconscious now between them came.

“Poor human beings,” thus she spoke,  
“There is, I think, enough of woe  
In this sweet world for men who're men  
To stop and think and know it's so,  
Before they draw their swords and try  
To hew each other and make moan  
For thousands who on either side  
Are doubly dear unto their own.

There was a time when Odin ruled  
    And Högni's heart on dish was laid  
And served to Gunnar and he smiled  
    With calm sweet joy as sooth he said:  
'The heart of Högni by the side  
    Of timid Hialli's heart has rest;  
It trembles little in the dish,  
    It trembled less while in his breast.  
I'll roast and eat it—drink its blood  
    To give my heart a stouter stroke,  
And teach my hand a readier skill  
    To wield the knife or club of oak.  
My happiness in battle lies.  
    Red slaughter is the soldier's part.  
Ah! what is sweeter than the blood  
    Drunk warm from out a foeman's heart?'  
But Christ is come. Peace and good-will,  
    These are the new world's corner stones.  
For every woe a glad, new joy  
    And healing hands for broken bones.

Fie on the man who can not bear  
A wrong and right it with a good!  
Shall all the centuries come and go  
And lift us to no better mood?  
Does Odin reign that any now  
Should batten on a brother's woe?  
Christ finds a kinsman hidden there  
Beneath the jacket of a foe.  
Come, men, be *men* and right your wrongs  
As *men* with *men* should right them now,  
With Christ's love warm within your hearts  
And Christ's truth written on your brow."

Crede Lyle heard all her sweet voice spoke;  
He dropped his pistol by his side.  
They walked on quite unconscious still  
Amid the forests sweeping wide.  
What Fairfax said in his response  
Was what a man of honor should.  
Crede turned upon his heel and went  
Straight on and out the brooding wood.

“For her dear sake I let him live,  
I yet shall wing him on the way.  
He knows not that a tiger lies  
Close by to spring upon its prey.”  
At once he sped him to the home  
Of Embry Duncan and conferred  
Upon the time of rendez-vous—  
The speeding of the clarion word  
That was to gather from the dells,  
The crags high up the mountains’ side,  
The swift hands that could wing a hawk  
Or split the panther’s fluffy hide.  
And as he talked with Embry there  
Luce sat a spinning in the room,  
Or gathered from the pretty grass  
The leaves, new fallen, with her broom.  
She listened to their plans and felt  
Her blood creep cold in every vein.  
They spoke of death. Her father’s name,  
Her lover’s now she heard again.

*IN PERIL'S GRASP.*

What, if her father fell in fight?

What, if her lover died too soon?

These bitter thoughts ran through her mind

And chilled her all the afternoon.



## THE GALA-NIGHT.

---



'**G**IS presto and we make a  
change  
To where the city's surging  
tide  
Flows streaming through its  
thoroughfares  
'Neath lights that flare and flicker wide.  
Here stands apart sad squalor now—  
A home where horror loves to dwell,  
That reeks with all the vices and  
The passions of an earthly hell.  
Now yonder is a pale, sweet child  
That drinks the germs of death that lie  
Upon the stench of stagnant pools  
That turn the nose and fret the eye.

*THE GALA-NIGHT.*

Beyond, the car-bells jingle clear  
Upon the air. Anon the gleam  
Of rich electric arcs that pour  
Their pretty lights in constant stream.  
The bawd's loud laugh re-echoes now  
Her victim's bitter charge and see  
The erring lad now staggers by—  
A dupe to wine's sad witchery.  
An open door; the blind awry;  
A wretch within with lifted cup;  
An oath; a burly form that sits  
Swift from its seat now rises up;  
A dagger gleams; we pass along.  
Two porters bear a burden here;  
A beggar lifts her hand and pleads  
With quivering voice and falling tear;  
Three wagons go in hurried rush;  
A lad belated cries the news;  
A shopman takes and stores away  
A string of antiquated shoes;

*THE GALA-NIGHT.*

Two merchants arm in arm now walk  
Upon this better thoroughfare;  
A maiden and a youth make love  
Just at the foot of this broad stair;  
A couple—richly clad and prim—  
Pass on to see the famous play;  
A carriage with its owner comes—  
A pretty chestnut and a gray;  
A loiterer lingers 'long the street  
Pries in the windows, scans them long;  
An urchin, raggéd, happy faced,  
Breaks into snatches of sweet song.  
The noise grows less and less and now  
The yards lie round the mansions, and  
The eye beholds a sweeping stretch  
Of massive structures rising grand.  
The trees in leaf, the flowers in bloom,  
The grasses soft and rich and green,  
And fountains playing pretty streams  
At intervals now set between,

*THE GALA-NIGHT.*

Make all the air as fresh and sweet  
As grottoes of the pretty fay  
Who revels in fair Nature's lap  
Upon a charming summer day.  
Here rising up was Cordele's home—  
A flood of light, a breathing bower  
Of wondrous beauty, wreathed and sweet  
With bunting and with blooming flower.  
A gala-night she makes it now,  
And crowds of friends are streaming in.  
Ere long the waiting ear is glad,—  
The baton bids the ball begin.  
The pretty dancers come and go  
Like fire-flies on the meadow-land  
Or swells of dashing billows that  
Roll up and off the sea-swept sand.  
The gleam of gold, the brilliant flash  
Of diamond and encircling pearl  
Adorn alike the matron and  
The pretty stripling of a girl.

*THE GALA-NIGHT.*

The silk and satin gleam and mix  
With tulle and brocade and fine lace,  
Each pretty color 'ranged to make  
More pretty still each pretty face.

And arms and necks and shoulders rise  
In rounded plumpness quite as fair  
As snow-flakes on their gentle way  
From out the realms of upper air.

“O Life! O Life!” sighed Cordele as  
She rested now within the arm  
Of Jules, whose gaze she riveted  
As with a subtle, ceaseless charm.

He never saw her eye so blue,  
The color on her cheek so rare,  
Such pretty, golden, shimmering light  
Enmeshed within her glorious hair;  
Nor heard her laugh as waters pour  
Such rippling music on his ear;  
Nor felt her pretty little foot  
Trip 'round him half so light and clear.

*THE GALA-NIGHT.*

The modiste and the maid had both  
Conspired with Nature for a form,  
Would sweep his very breath away  
And take his whole heart as by storm.  
If e'er before there was a doubt  
Of his surrender to her wiles,  
It now forever dissipates  
Beneath the magic of her smiles.  
And she—ah! she, this paragon,  
This thing of beauty made to please,  
Yon looker-on can never dream  
That such as she are ill at ease;  
But where the music's pretty call  
Floats to the ear and all things seem  
As happy as a heart can be  
Are troubles we may never dream.  
Cordele has had her stubborn way,—  
The dancers come, the dancers go;  
Their nimble feet are dancing time  
Unto her everlasting woe.

*THE GALA-NIGHT.*

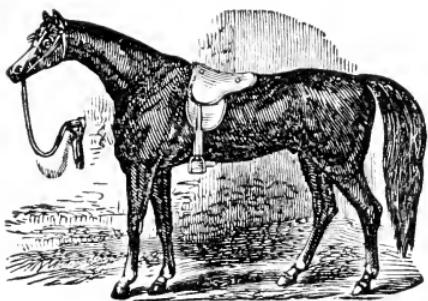
The heart-aches and the pangs that be  
Amid the revels of the dance,  
Thank God! are hidden from the view  
Of all save His all-seeing glance.  
And those who see sweet beauty's spell  
And gladden at its witchery,  
May never know the things that are  
Or dream the things that are to be.  
God rules and He alone should know  
The Future and the Future's will;  
For He alone can put His arms  
Around us and can save us still.





## NOUS VERRONS.

---



A NOTHER day was  
come and now  
Fairfax prepared to  
bid adieu.

His horse stood at the  
great front gate;

He lingered as most lovers do.

Upon the heights Lyle ranged his troop

And from an out-post, glass in hand,

Bent forward scanning with his eye

The reaches of out-lying land—

He sees the horse, the rider sees,

And turning bids his comrades know

Their prey is moving o'er the plain

Which they had left an hour ago.

“No fooling when the moment comes.

Strike death to him and that right sure.  
He'll cross my path and thwart my plans  
With his dread presence never more.”

Unconscious of the lurking fate

His hidden foe held for him now,  
Fairfax rode o'er the rich, brown road  
That clambered to the hillock's brow  
Then darted down and lay between  
Great stretches of sweet clover-field,  
And rose again where waving oats  
Unto wide sweeps of orchard yield.

The blue-bird caroled on the limb;

A lazy vulture sailed o'er head;  
A rabbit stealing from the field  
Now up the roadway startled sped;  
A cottage home soon comes in view;

A bevy of gray geese now hiss;  
A barking dog jumps at the fence,  
And at the window sits a miss;

The creek beyond runs o'er the stones  
And deepens at the neighboring ford;  
Two oxen quench their raging thirst,  
Worn hot beneath the heavy load;  
The driver bows and keeps his eye  
Upon the stately horseman's form,  
Takes off his hat and with his cloth  
Wipes his tanned brow now reeking  
warm;  
The sunlight lay on grasses sweet  
With subtle perfumes, and the air  
Was rich with exhalations that  
Rose up to greet him everywhere.  
His mind was busy with the calls  
Stern Duty placed upon his brow;  
His heart for peace was longing, but  
His country's thoughts were other now.  
Himself he needs must relegate  
Unto the rear, and bare his blade

*NOUS VERRONS.*

To breast the issue that was come  
And he himself had never made.  
Still on he rode and pistols clicked  
Upon the height impatient still,  
And daggers gleamed and glowed to think  
They soon would have their own sweet  
will.

Thus down the road of life we move  
And know not what before us lies  
Until, ere we have dared to dream,  
We face some sudden, sad surprise.  
For us whose eye is on the height  
And heart is with the rider true,  
There lurk in ambuscade e'en now  
Old Death and all his mystic crew.  
We drink the floods of neighb'ring air,  
And catch the bird's song in our ear;  
We spur our jade and whistle out  
And ever come more near and near;

We laugh, as laugh we should, and feel  
    As one who owns an endless day;  
We take our golden hours and spill  
    Their glad sweet wealth along the way.  
The monster lurks and whets his blade  
    And licks his tongue in horrid glee.  
Ah! well, if serious thought were mixed  
    With all our merry minstrelsy.  
For lo! where turns the roadway here  
    A hand lies on the bridle now,  
And Fairfax—stop, stay, is it Death  
    That mantles o'er his noble brow?  
Was that a flight of whistling balls?  
    Is that the gleam of daggers high?  
A struggle as of one who knows:  
    ‘I win, I live; I lose, I die?’  
No. Gentle Lucy lifts her eyes  
    And pleads the stranger keep the right,  
The foot-path that will bring him safe  
    Around the dizzy, beetling height.

“Good friend, my father is up there  
And Mr. Lyle and he I love.  
They wait to slay you, so they say.  
Wait up the road there, just above.  
And oh! who knows but when they all,  
The many others, leap and strike,  
My father’s or my lover’s form  
May lie upon the rocky pike?  
In here and quickly ’round them ride,  
For my sake, please, sir, wont you now?  
That’s right. God bless you. You are  
kind;  
Some day I’ll pay you, friend, some  
how.”

Fairfax had read within her face  
The truth, as in the light of day,  
“Guerillas whom her childish fear  
Has robbed,” he thought, “now of their  
prey.”

And in he rode as one who knows  
*The bravest are least quick to dare,*  
*Unless stern Duty, glory-crown'd,*  
*Stands pointing while she whispers*  
*“There.”*

And Luce dashed from the roadway down  
And quick stole still through bending  
trees,  
And coming to her little room,  
Fell there upon her maiden knees,  
And prayed her God to save that one  
Whose heart was plighted to her own,  
And bring him back to dwell with her,  
And be for her and her alone.

Oh! tender, pretty maiden thoughts!  
Oh! first love, how the after years  
Will mock you with their hollow laugh;  
In secret bless you 'mid their tears;  
Stretch out their arms and cry in pain.  
“Oh! for the blessed days I knew,

*VOUS VERRONS.*

Oh! for the sun-light that then clad  
The whole world in its golden hue."



## IN HIS VINEYARD.

---

*“GLEN MARY.”*

---



LONG the vale Jean passed  
and bore  
Her blessings to unnumbered  
poor,  
Or scaled the rugged heights  
and stood  
A welcome guest before the door.  
The landscape laughing in its glee,  
The song of bird on soaring wing,  
The leaflets on the bending tree,  
The waters gurgling from the spring,  
The varied hues of morn and eve,  
That clothed the east or western sky,

*IN HIS VINEYARD.*

The rainbow resting on the peaks,  
The sunlit shower passing by,  
The grasses ranging o'er the fields  
And vieing with the oats and wheat,  
The hedge-rows hugging close the road,  
The sylvan wild-flowers at her feet,  
The loving faith her young deer showed  
When in her lap its soft head lay;—  
All these were chapters in a book  
That made her better every day.  
Through Nature up to Nature's God  
Her soul now leaped with subtle song;  
The Hand that made us is all right,  
It's we, good friends, who are all wrong.  
And from the cross the message comes:  
"I am the way, I am the light:  
Peace and good-will upon the earth,  
And day will dawn upon the night,  
And woe that lurks from sun to sun  
And nestles in the human breast,

*IN HIS VINEYARD.*

Will yield to peace—sweet peace that gives  
To His belovéd endless rest.

Not as the world knows is that peace

That broods in gentle calm above  
The heart that God has touched and filled  
With his serener, better love.

No gnawing tooth of bitter greed,

No memory of a plotted wrong,  
Cuts endless in its inner core

Or stills the voice of happy song;  
But, if the world's low treasures fly,

The days serenely move them still,  
For all things work for good to those  
Who know and do God's loving will,  
And seek to scatter little bits

Of secret goodness 'long their way  
And lead the waning night of Greed  
Into Love's broader, sweeter day.

For newer, fuller light upon  
The problems of our daily need,

This is the statesman's higher work,

This is the churchman's better creed.

*Not gleaming treasures garnered up*

*By wrecking of a human soul*

*Is wealth, but wealth is making good*

*And glad the circle you control.*

The rock that lies to splinter wide

Your neighbor's child's fair tiny ship,

With higher strength remove and give

The little tar a safer trip;

And, when the tropic seas are his,

Let him in fair return make sure

He lade his ship in part for you,

And bless you with his precious store.

Thus age for youth makes life more sweet,

And youth holds up the agéd hand,

And each shall turn his happy feet

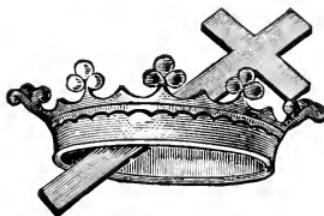
Unto the sweeter, better land."

So Jean now thought and every where

Her smiling face and gentle love

*IN HIS VINEYARD.*

And tender hand and timely gift  
    Her needing fellows bent above.  
She gave to one a kindly word,  
    Another labor for the day,  
Another meat, and then she'd bend  
    Here with another—bend and pray.  
A pretty book the young child got;  
    A new frock for the growing maid;  
A weary mother had a "help;"  
    The farm-hand's doctor's bill was paid.  
But ever yonder was a thought  
    With one on the embattled plain.  
She prayed her God that He might send  
    Peace to her countrymen again.





## TO EACH HIS WAY.

---



**B**EYOND the mountains far away  
The captains of unnumbered hosts  
Were busy at their routine work;  
The soldiers—each—were at their posts.

In every heart there lay the thought  
For country it is sweet to die,—  
This cheered the lonely sentry's step  
And brightened every leader's eye.  
One heart was touched with purpose grand;  
One mind was bent to weave a plan

Would win the day and gain them peace,  
Nor cost them yet another man.  
That soul was Fairfax and he knew  
Each by-path of the country 'round.  
He ran his thoughts in circuit out  
And chose for him his battle-ground.  
Slow days moved on by slower nights;  
His foemen grew impatient now.  
They fancied cowards in their front,  
And offered to the gods a vow  
To lash them with the willow's twigs  
And pull their noses in their face,  
Since they had dipped their manhood in  
The cess-pools of a black disgrace;  
But Fairfax let them fret and fume,  
With brow serene and heart that knew  
The Future yet would parcel out  
The blatant soldier from the true.  
The night came down the mountain heights  
And rested on the restless foe,

Whose careless eye had ceased to guard  
As once it guarded long ago.

When morning dawns, a flag slow moves  
Along the vale; the couriers stay

Just where the lazy general still

Now wrapped in slumber snugly lay;  
"Your further fight is useless now,"

Thus spoke the spokesman in his ear,  
"Your past is glorious, but your doom  
Is sealed. I beg you listen, sir."

He showed him then the workings of  
The master-mind that planned the whole,  
And further that the power once his  
Had now passed on from his control.

To lengthen now the fight was just  
A waste of human lives, and so

'T were best to yield his sword and own  
The war was done, and turn and go

Once more to happy homes where wives  
And children with their loving arms

Would welcome now their safe return  
From cruel war and war's alarms.  
So ran the compact and, forsooth,  
The gladdened victors tried to see  
How they could heal the wounded pride  
Wrought by their royal victory.  
The vanquished smiled and proffered hands,  
All save one sullen chieftain who  
With his sworn comrades picked his chance  
And from the mingling hosts withdrew.  
As some fierce bird of prey which slips  
The snare that held a moment fast,  
From crag to crag his flight he takes  
As crag with crag is swiftly passed,  
And yonder where his aerie is  
He rests a moment from his flight,  
Then swoops to fright the heart of day  
And batten on his spoil at night;  
So Lyle now climbed the slumb'rous heights  
And sought secure a hiding place,

*TO EACH HIS WAY.*

Still vowing vengeance in his heart  
And wearing battle in his face.







## SIMPLICITY.

---

A SOFT wind played adown the vale  
And toyed with the clover bloom,  
Peered in amid the tangled grass,  
And whispered o'er the tawny broom,  
Caught in its arms the humming bee,  
And put to flight the butterfly,  
And kissed the tulip's pretty lips  
And jonquils as it passed them by.  
It wreathed its young hands in the scent  
Of honeysuckles hanging near,

*SIMPLICITY.*

And touched the touch-me-not and said:

“Now, jump, you pretty little dear.”

It clambered up the hugh grape-vine,

And shook the big leaves in great glee,

And whispered to a lady-bug,

“Are you here? I have got you. See.”

Then glanced below and caught a sight

Of Luce close by the cottage now,

And jumped and put a pretty kiss

Right on her pretty little brow.

Then oped its eyes. Lo and behold!

Luce stroked her kitten on her knee,

And this was what the breeze then heard

And wondered what it all could be.

**Gucy's Complaint.**

“If you loved a little Kitzie  
And he was afar away,  
Would you be so happy, Kitzie,  
Happy as you are to-day ?  
Kitzie-cat,  
Tell me that.

If you loved a little Kitzie,  
And a cruel huntsman came  
With his gun to shoot him, Kitzie,  
Would you love him just the same ?  
Kitzie-cat,  
Tell me that.

If you loved a little Kitzie,  
Would you weep and wish him here,  
Would you write a letter, Kitzie,  
Would you call him home, my dear ?  
Kitzie-cat,  
Tell me that.”

*SIMPLICITY.*

Then a tear broke from her eye-lid  
    And ran coursing down her cheek,  
And her little lips now quivered  
    And they could no longer speak.

Then the thoughtless little breeze  
    That had laughed through all the day,  
Bent and with a tender prayer  
    Kissed the little tear away—  
Put its arms about her form,—  
    Laid her on its smitten breast,  
Lulled her wearied little heart  
    With its sweetness into rest,  
Slowly stirred her from her thoughts,  
    Taught her labor gives relief  
When the pent and weary heart  
    Bends beneath its heavy grief.

And she rose and went her way  
    Where the field-road ran along;  
As she passed the apple-tree  
    Hummed herself a little song:

*SIMPLICITY.*

“Love and trust  
And God will bless you.  
Wait, my heart. It’s bound to be.  
God is good  
And wont distress you,  
If you’ll wait, my heart, and see;  
If you’ll wait, my heart, and see.

Once my little Kitzie lingered  
And I thought ‘‘T will surely die,’’  
And I prayed my God to save her  
And he saved her by and by.

Love and trust  
And God will bless you.  
Wait, my heart. It’s bound to be.  
God is good  
And wont distress you,  
If you’ll wait, my heart, and see;  
If you’ll wait, my heart, and see.”







## SOLDIER, ON!

---

THE fame of Fairfax filled the land.  
He stole him for a moment's rest  
To fair "Glen Mary," where he owned  
The sweet surroundings suited best.  
*When woes have gathered thick and fast  
And dark skies bend our path above,*

*SOLDIER, O.N!*

*What place so sweet? What heart so true,  
As is the home, the heart we love?  
When Victory wreaths with bays our brows  
And Fame bedecks our path with flowers,  
Our first thought is the home and heart—  
The home and heart we know is ours.*

And thither with a loving tryst  
We make our way unto our own  
Far from the thoughtless crowd, whose  
shout  
Attends the victor's path alone,  
As ready as the surly hound  
To fall upon a fallen prey  
That its long tongue with bitter gibes  
Has tried to fell the live-long day.

One thought now pursed his master brow—  
The serried band upon the height,  
Yet bent to break his country's laws  
And eager for the bloody fight.

*SOLDIER, ON!*

He sought to know the chieftain's heart  
And learn the motive of his hate,  
And bring him to his country's fold  
Repentant, if repentant late.  
Jean fathomed all for him and told  
The story of Crede Lyle's sad life,  
Just as she heard it told by one  
Who was an arch insurgent's wife.  
Fairfax passed from his day's repose  
And took the reins in hand again,  
With firm resolve to meet his foe  
And close at once his last campaign.  
Around him lay the camp fires now  
On hill and dale, a pretty sight,  
And in his tent he sat with brow  
O'er shadowed by the coming night.  
To win and wound not was the thought  
That to his heart was still most dear,  
When through the gloaming stole a song  
And fell upon his listening ear.

**Soldier, On!**

Darkness comes without our wishing.

We must bear as best we may,  
Knowing that its stars will light us  
To a brighter, better day.

Cheer thy heart and bid it “Courage!”  
Through the gloaming to the dawn.  
Holy angels bend and beckon,  
While they whisper, “Soldier, On!”

Hero of our daily being,  
Bearing wounds for Honor’s sake,  
Let thy heart be glad within thee,  
Soon the roseate dawn will break;—

Soon the songs of birds will echo  
In the valleys far and near,  
And the world all robed in splendor  
Out of darkness will appear.

He who bears the lonely watchings  
Of the night of gloom alone,  
Is the first who sees the day-king  
Seated on his golden throne.

*SOLDIER, ON!*

Cheer thy heart and bid it, “Courage!”  
Through the gloaming to the dawn.  
Holy angels bend and beckon,  
While they whisper, “Soldier, On!”





## CORDELE.

---

*EX TENEBRIS IN LUCEM.*

---



THE busy wheels of Traffic  
roar  
And clatter on the list'ning  
ear;

The columns of black smoke ascend  
Yet up and up and disappear.

The teeming crowds are jogging, each  
In wild pursuit of hoarded pelf;  
And all seem bent alone upon

“The bread and cheese upon the shelf.”  
One lifts his mansion costly grand  
With millions in his coffers by,

*CORDELE.*

Yet rushes as impelled by fate  
To make yet more before he die;  
Another sees and knows the thirst  
For wealth can never get its fill,  
But follows swift upon its track  
And swifter and yet swifter still.  
As in some whirlpool swimmers strive  
To stem the billows and to rise  
Each o'er his fellow to a height  
Will face the frontlet of the skies,  
And fear to leave the stroke unmade  
Lest haply they may sink to doom  
And flounder as a soggy log  
Ignobly to a watery tomb;  
So here within this bustling mart,  
Each on this thronged and narrow street  
Now toils, yet finds no stay nor rest,  
No place for tired brain and feet.  
Each day he speeds as though the life  
Of millions hung upon his speed;

*CORDELE.*

He gets and gets and gets and gets  
And finds he is still more in need.  
When night comes on and morning stars  
Rise sweet within the eastern skies,  
He goes to bed but downy sleep  
Is still a stranger to his eyes.  
In visions of his fevered thought  
The game runs on, "I win, I lose."  
He is the victim of the fate  
The thoughtless thousands rashly  
choose;  
For in his house this day and hour  
The child whose all, his all's to be,  
Sobs with a heart that moans to know  
*Wealth is not loving sympathy.*  
For through the past years sown full  
thick  
Are hours she needed his heart's beat  
To soothe and soften and his hand  
To lead her wicked little feet.

*CORDELE.*

If haply wilful she essayed  
    His will to thwart, he shook his fist  
And swore an oath. She passed from  
    sight  
And went where her rash heart might  
    list,  
And did whate'er her angered pride  
    And spiteful turn might deem her will.  
Her busy father thought to soothe,  
    If he would only foot each bill.  
And so she ran the round of all  
    An aimless life of pleasure hath,  
And doubling on her track she came  
    All weary down the olden path.  
And sighed for rest and sighed for peace  
    And raised to God her feeble prayer,  
That some good hand would lead her  
    heart  
From out these realms of dark  
    despair—

These shades where strove in useless strife

*The poverty-stricken rich who need*

*For ill-fed minds and hungry souls*

*The hale food of the Christian creed.*

She fell on sleep and dreams there came

Of rescue and of peace at last,—

Of tender words and gentle arms

Around her shrinking figure cast.

She woke to find her throbbing brow

On Jean's good heart. She raised her  
eyes;

“Where did you come from? Surely,

God

In love has sent you from the skies.

Oh! Jean, this wayward world does wrong

To think its heart can e'er find rest

Save in His arms, save in His love,

Save on His sympathetic breast.

I've run the round. I know it all.

It's hollow mockery they call fun.

There is no joy like that they know  
Who say, 'O God, thy will be done.'  
Good friend, I love to hear your heart  
Sing its sweet music in my ear.  
Methinks my weary soul would like  
To breathe its worthless self out here.  
You know 'way down the by-gone days,  
I half-way dreamed of love and truth  
And all those pretty things you've known,  
And decked your life with from your  
youth.  
But oh! the chilling air of greed,  
Th' insatiate maelstrom, more and more  
Swept my frail bark upon the seas  
Far from that balmy blessed shore.  
And I have lived—God pity me—  
God pity me and send me rest.  
Jean, hold me closer, wont you, dear?  
Still closer to your loving breast.

*CORDELE.*

Oh! could I die just here and now,  
I think I surely would be blest.  
Jean, hold me closer, wont you, dear?  
Still closer to your loving breast.  
Oh! This is good. The storm-tossed bird  
Is once again within its nest.  
Jean, hold me closer, wont you, dear?  
Still closer to your loving breast."





## THE COMBAT.

---



WHERE beetling  
crags on crags  
arise,

A bitter heart now  
longs for fight.



His 'leaguered hosts with restless step  
Speed loit'ring day, curse coming night.  
With heartless taunt they cry to know  
Why those whose bulwarks rise on high  
Meet not on mid-way ground and fight  
Like men and win the day or die.

The patient Fairfax heard it all  
And ran the problem through his mind,

“This is a private grievance and  
A private settlement should find.  
Why need the hundreds who are here  
Spill their life-blood—a useless fate?  
He does my country public wrong,  
Because he bears me private hate.  
I’ll meet him and let God and skill  
Decide at once what they deem best.”  
Then peaceful as a pretty babe,  
The guileless chieftain seeks his rest.  
When morning came, a flag ascends  
The topmost peak—a parley pleads—  
Crede Lyle consents on testy ground  
That Fairfax quickly state his needs.  
Mid-way the hosts, the stainless knight  
Asks that his foe give reason why  
As man with man they can not bring  
Their quarrel to an end. The eye  
Of Lyle flashed fire and his teeth  
Shone as a tiger’s keen and white.

*THE COMBAT.*

“There is but one thing, sir, to do—

And that thing is to draw and fight.”

“Agreed,” said Fairfax, “if you’ll make

This compact: All on either side

Must swear they will abstain from fight

And by the issue then abide.

And, if I fall or if I win,

One thing alone of yours and you:

To yonder flag henceforth and now

You swear forever to be true.”

This then they swore and heralds made

The wide announcement to the ranks.

On either side the cheers went up

Like waters roaring over banks.

The seconds then prepared the swords

And tested them of steel approved.

Then to and fro like ushers now

Upon a gala-day they moved.

Had then a traveller happened by

And seen affairs just as they stood—

*THE COMBAT.*

He'd thought two friendly parties here,  
    On hunt intent, met in the wood,  
Nor known that sword with sword would  
    cross,  
    And on it all depend the woe  
Or weal of those who'd met in fight  
    One for his land, one 'gainst his foe.  
But so it was; Fairfax's heart  
    Was lifted to his God in prayer  
For all the hosts that circled round  
    And all their loved ones every where:  
Nor did he fail to ask that He  
    Would shield his Jean from every harm,  
And, knowing then his Duty called,  
    He found him with a steady arm.  
For prayer puts courage in the heart  
    And steadies every patriot's hand  
To strike for home and all that's dear—  
    The God we love and native land.

*THE COMBAT.*

Then quiet as a friend would go  
To meet a friend, peace on his face,  
He moves to meet the Lyle half-way  
And shake his hand with knightly grace.  
Swords then were crossed. The given  
word

Was scarcely from the giver's lips,  
Lyle lunges with an angry stroke—  
Is parried—tries again and slips—  
His foeman kindly stops and waits;  
Recovered now he comes again;  
Swords flash; he strikes an under-stroke,  
But strikes his under-stroke in vain.

The skilled eye of the Fairfax then  
Perceived the demon in the play,  
But wished his foe should see that he  
Was ready for him any way.

As storms impetuous break and roar  
Upon some ruggéd, rock-ribbed hill

*THE COMBAT.*

And fret and fume, because, forsooth,

They can not have their testy will;

So Lyle now rushed and angry swore

As stroke met with a fellow stroke,

And circling thousands into cheers—

As warring clouds peal—sudden broke.

As those spent storms fall into calm

And settle to their deep repose,

So Lyle now sinks him to the ground

Beneath the bravest of brave foes.

And mountains unto mountains speak

As Fairfax' foot rests on his breast.

When sudden calm broods over all,

His fallen foe he thus addressed:

“Your life is mine. I grant it now

On one condition. That shall be:

Friendship forever shall abide

Between my fallen foe and me.”

Lyle looked and saw upon his face

A glory from the better land.

*THE COMBAT.*

“I’m yours henceforth,” he said. “I pledge  
The fealty of myself and band.”





## THE CHRISTMAS FÊTE.

---



HE Christmas comes to  
glad the vale,  
New wakened from the  
sleep of years,  
And pouring forth its latent  
wealth  
For him whom every heart reveres.  
That mind that held the reins of war  
And kept the demon in its clasp,  
Still reaching forth with newer stroke  
And wider sweeps of mental grasp,  
Had bid the mountains bring their store  
And render homage unto men,

*THE CHRISTMAS FETE.*

And spread their laps to house and hold  
The teeming hundreds from the glen.  
New conquests followed swift his feet;  
With steam he stormed the very height,  
And far and wide the landscape laughed  
Beneath his eye's benignant light.  
On tree and bush, and grass and rock,  
Close hugging now the prattling creek;  
On hill and dale and upland slope  
And boulder, crag and mountain peak,  
The snow lies spread all soft and white  
A virgin garb for that sweet day  
When all the world with tender love  
Should meet and lift their hearts and  
pray.  
The busy song of anvil now  
Is hushed; the panting forge is still;  
The ore-banks lie in peace; the beasts  
Range 'round the haystacks on the hill.

*THE CHRISTMAS FETE.*

The happy children run and laugh  
And stir the old folks with their glee,  
Content to have the things that are  
And leave the morrow those to be.  
The dusk comes o'er the distant heights  
And spreads its wings across the sky.  
The great electric arc-lights gleam  
To guide the foot and glad the eye.  
The bell tolls from the steeple's throat  
A chime that sweetens all the air  
And bids the thousands meet and greet  
The Christmas fête with praise and  
prayer.  
As vast white tents for armies spread,  
All snow-decked now the buildings  
rise,  
That are to house and warm the crowds  
That throng beneath the wintry skies.  
As mountain rills from pretty glens  
Stream down and gather into one—

*THE CHRISTMAS FETE.*

Which grows in width and depth and  
strength

As on it goes to meet the sun;  
So from the bright, sweet homes that lie,  
A fringe of glory round the hills,  
The multitude now gathers swift—

Each by the route his good heart wills.  
The grand notes of the organ float  
Amid the reaches of the hall,  
And touch with rich devotion now  
The tender hearts of one and all.  
The pastors who had led their flocks  
Through seasons as they came and  
went,

Now stand in prayer while heads and  
hearts

In reverent love are near them bent.  
The lifted voice is full of thanks  
For blessings through the past year  
sown,

THE CHRISTMAS FETE.

And eager pleadings that the world  
May soon its sovereign Master own,  
And rich good will and loving deed  
Adorn each heart and grace each hand  
And crown with peace and brotherhood  
The humblest home in every land.  
This over, lights flash on the trees  
That rise to meet the children's eyes,  
And 'mid their green leaves weave the  
shades  
Of all the rainbow's pretty dyes.  
Gift on rich gift hangs tempting there,  
And little hearts are beating fast  
With *dreams that are too beautiful,*  
*Too golden-bright and sweet to last.*  
And here and there the couples walk  
With arm in arm—a happy throng!  
While oboë and xylophone  
And sweet-voiced violins vie with  
song.

*THE CHRISTMAS FETE.*

And here there moves a stately form  
    And with him one of matchless grace,  
Whose bowing heads acknowledge friends  
    By scores around with smiling face.  
And, as they pass, each reverent heart  
    Says to itself a little prayer,  
That God may bless with health and joy  
    “Glen Mary’s” lord and mistress there.  
For Fairfax with his charming Jean  
    Still loved and kept their trysting place  
And with their hands and bounty wreathed  
    It daily with a newer grace,  
Till far and wide its good fame went  
    As stayer of the needy hand—  
A royal blessing and a crown  
    Of endless glory to the land.  
They mingle with the crowding hosts  
    And for the nonce are lost to sight;  
The surging streams come passing by  
    And parting go to left and right.

*THE CHRISTMAS FETE.*

Now see a man of stalwart mold—  
A giant oak from forests wide—  
And with him now a petite form—  
A fairy tripping by his side.

Crede Lyle looks down in eyes all blue  
As waters under laughing skies,  
And Cordele owns her heart at rest  
As arm on arm now gently lies.  
Two strange lives welded into one,  
By God's grace sweetened and made  
true

To all that's good. The better now  
For what the Past has brought them  
through—

A sturdy tree now settled square  
And ready for a noble growth—  
A pretty vine once storm-tossed, now  
In leaf and fruitage putting forth.  
A sweet laugh as a child were here  
And glad to see some pretty toy,

*THE CHRISTMAS FETE.*

Presents us with our cottage maid—  
“Luce” and her noble soldier boy.  
They walk and talk and halt to speak  
With some good friend who’s passing by,  
And tell of how their little home  
Rounds up and out beneath the sky.  
And then she sees a little babe  
And runs to kiss it. “Oh! how sweet,  
Just see its chubby hands, its eyes,  
And oh! these precious little feet.”  
The crowds press in, we lose from sight  
Our little Lucy and we hear  
The song of children as they march—  
A merry phalanx singing clear.  
The hour is on for festal glee—  
And line on line in circles whirls,—  
Each father hails his handsome boy,  
Each mother eyes her pretty girls.  
The red and blue and white and green  
And orange and the lilac glow;

The pink and black and écru come,  
The gray and mauve and scarlet go.  
The streaming ribbons dance and play  
Like leaves before a whirling blast,  
And *eyes flash back in winsome way*  
*The pretty glances at them cast.*  
The music fills and thrills the whole,  
And 'mid its lower keys are heard  
The bits of laughter break and stir,  
Like notes of some sweet wild-wood  
bird.  
The old folks in the neighb'ring booths  
Look out upon the changing scene,  
And Reminiscence wakes anew  
The happy days that once have been.  
Meanwhile their appetites grow keen  
At savor of the unctious meal,  
Whose presence, reeking-sweet and  
glad,  
The lifted curtains now reveal.

*THE CHRISTMAS FETE.*

The pig, well-roasted, sleek and fat,  
With apple in his jolly jaws,  
And parsley spread—a profuse garb—  
About him, like a magnet, draws.  
Scarce less a monarch of the hour  
Yon glorious gobbler rears his breast,  
And to the hungry, waiting soul  
Forebodes a longing soon at rest.  
The smaller game — 't were useless now  
To mention—chickens, ducks and geese,  
Deer, rabbits, quail, some pheasants, here  
Opossums lolling in their grease.  
The oyster from his native bed  
Disturbed, a traveller in these parts,  
Has come to lend variety  
And gladden many happy hearts.  
The dishes of an endless make  
Here steam with fruit of every kind  
And all the garden and the field  
Supply to give us peace of mind,

*THE CHRISTMAS FETE.*

And loaves all fleecy and as sweet  
As ever tempted human thought  
Are ranged at intervals, into  
The rarest shapes and sizes wrought.  
All things that go to make hearts glad  
And still the craving appetite  
Were gathered on the groaning boards  
To crown this glorious Christmas night.  
The wine-cup and the whisky-glass—  
Fell wreckers of the human race—  
Found here, where Christian hearts were  
met,  
There was for them no fitting place;  
But men had manlier ways to glad  
The present than to soak their brains  
With fluids that have swept the world  
As great tornadoes sweep the plains.  
The agéd now first lead the way,  
Their gray locks crowning honored  
brows,

*THE CHRISTMAS FETE.*

And reverent bend their heads and say

    The grace a good heart ever vows.

In turn each joins the feasting groups

    Assembled at the tables wide,

And Converse lends her pretty charm

    To usher out the Christmas tide.

Sweet stories of the olden times

    Float from the lips of other days,

And woo the younger folks to vie

    In rich regard and fitting praise;

Or else a maiden's coyness here

    Has tempted some o'er ardent swain,

Secluded and alone, to press

    The suit he's pressed before in vain;

Or pretty mother strokes the hair

    From off her dimpled darling's face,

And glories in its laughing eye,

    Its bounding health and winsome grace.

The feast now done, the hour is come

    To gather 'neath the Christmas trees

*THE CHRISTMAS FETE.*

And portion to the happy throng  
The gifts as Santa Claus decrees.  
The young hearts glow and all their soul  
Expectant sits within their eyes,  
Awaiting now to welcome soon  
The rich gifts with glad, little cries.  
The busy ushers come and go  
And gladden one by one the whole,  
Till all the trees have rendered up  
Their fruit to ladder and to pole.  
Then sounds the proclamation far  
For peace and order once again.  
The surging crowds obey and rest  
As billows calmed upon the main.  
From where the dais sinks from sight  
Behind the curtains in the rear,  
The stately form and loving face  
Of My Lord Fairfax now appear.  
He waves his hand, the crowds, now still,  
All bend to catch his every word.

*THE CHRISTMAS FETE.*

His voice, sweet toned and clear ran out  
So that each list'ning burgher heard:  
"Friends," so he speaks, "within your  
thought

There lies the memory of a vow,  
That once you made on upland crag  
And lowland lea; where is it now?  
Here by my side your leader stands,  
A brother to my heart and soul  
And partner full; o'er you he wields  
With me an even half-control.

Led on by wooings of that love  
That streams from God to sweeten  
life

And still all cause for hate and gloom  
Or further internecine strife,  
We come to-night to bless ourselves  
In blessing you. For we believe  
That surplus wealth is but a trust  
Bestowed of God that we may give

THE 'CHRISTMAS FETE.'

His bounty back to those whose sweat  
Has won it from the grasp of earth,  
And pass to God with hands as clean  
As when we came from Him at birth.

*Who lives alone for hoarded pelf  
Is but a hunger-smitten beast,  
Whose gnawing vitals famish 'mid  
The glowing plenty of the feast.*

He misses all the subtle, sweet  
And radiant joy of those who live  
And follow Him who taught, 'It is  
More blest to give than to receive.'

So all these acres spreading wide,  
These mines that teem with hidden  
worth,

These forges threat'ning to the skies,  
These buildings hugging close the  
earth,

Henceforth, in part are yours as ours;  
His share awaits each freeman here;

*THE CHRISTMAS FETE.*

For him who saves, henceforth, my friends,

The way to plenty now is clear.

Our aim is for our mutual good,

Yourselves and us alike to lift.

(My noble wife unites her voice)

Receive, my friends, your Christmas

gift."

The welkin rang and glad hearts wept,

The preacher rose and raised the song,

"Praise God from whom all blessings

flow,"

And with a prayer dismissed the

throng.

















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